

"Come, all is ready; now is our time." Whereupon, with one accord, they set upon the unconscious Rummy and began to eat him. Pretty soon the Rummy awoke, and seizing the Mother B. B., he addressed her angrily, saying—"Wretch! I have thee! now thou shalt die!" "But," cried the unhappy Insect, "I thought you did not believe in Total Prohibition?" "I do in this case!" answered the Rummy. "But what about Compensation?" pleaded the Bedbug in an anxious voice. "Thou shalt have it," roared the Rummy. "A Creature that lives only by sucking the blood of others deserves death!" With that he scrunched her. "Well," said her children, who had gathered upon the pillow-case in a mournful company, "you have slain our Mother for preying upon strange blood, but if that is deserving of death in a Bedbug, what should be the fate of a Rummy who lives by sucking the blood of his Own Kind."

MORAL.—The liquor traffic is only a parasite upon legitimate business.